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The Flower of Liberty.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming brand
It kindles all the sunset land;
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed:
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till, lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew;
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

For Dwight's Journal of Music

(Translated from Louis Ehler's "Briefe über Musik," &c. By
FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.)

Berlioz and Wagner.

LETTER 17.

The Cellini overture, which I heard yesterday, calls my attention to one of the most remarkable individualities of our day.

Hector Berlioz is a man of wonderful, almost tropical fancy, a born orchestral mind, and among living musicians, the most interesting. However heroically passionate, dreamily soft, intellectually and prodigally rich may be his ideas and combinations, "the curse of the grimace" is thrown over the whole. Something like the odor of blood cleaves to his partitions, and it sometimes seems to me, as though the knowledge of a deadly crime, mad to confess itself, struck the cymbals in his orchestra. As nothing is so detestable to his spirit as restriction, and as his realistic mind is ever pressing forward towards

extremes, his ideas are abrupt, his combinations adventurous, his orchestral calculations subtilized, until we reel through his scores from voluptuousness to horror, between wit and ascetism, sobriety and negligence. What are the horrors of Balzac, Grabbe, or Salvator Rosa, compared with those of this very French pen? Not the "Tempest," the "Winter's Tale," not Achim von Arnim's wildest fancies, not Hoffman's most drunken humors can reach the witch-sabbath of Berlioz's "Walpurgis-Night." That sounds sometimes thoughtfully still as falling stars, then wild as a polonaise of will-o'-the-wisps, then it is a Mayfly's concerto; or it rises like the sea, while the earth trembles beneath this orchestra, and hot, red clouds ascend and lie upon the instruments like volcanic glories. If you ever have an opportunity to hear the Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliet," ride thirty miles for that purpose. Our Cyclops can also become an elf. Then you will hear an orchestra, with gnats and grasshoppers for players, the violins covered with spider's webs, and the flutes cut from reeds. He who has not heard this conversation cannot have an idea of its delicacy. Rose confessions, violet complaints are noisy in comparison.

I will tell you a secret, but I must beg of you not to look so beseechingly at me with your forget-me-not eyes. I have a secret love at the bottom of my heart; a forbidden, secret love,—and, but that the world is so unfeelingly virtuous, I would carry its colors openly on my bosom. I love, and will love Hector Berlioz as long as my heart beats, and I will tell you why. For I am so fortunate as to be able to give good reasons for my love. Perhaps I had an imaginative nurse, who early accustomed my childish soul to fabulous conversations and ghost story necessities. Probably she had an aeronaut or a poppy merchant for a husband, for she filled my head with wonderful histories of enchantment of all kinds. She had a wonderful way of looking at the world as from a bird's-eye view, of petrifying living things, and giving a speech to the lifeless, so that I was not at all astonished when I found her carrying on a conversation with her armchair. She would certainly have given me an endless repertory of fairy tales, had she not possessed the peculiarity of many circulating libraries, that of having lost the last pages of many of her histories. Thus all sorts of plots and characters became entangled in my fancy; some without a head, some without feet,—for it often happened that I remembered the happy end of a thing, when its melancholy beginning was wanting. Through my whole life I have been haunted by a desire to repair these mutilated tales. And so it happened, that I heard accidentally, at a concert, a piece by Berlioz. Imagine my astonishment, when I recognized my dearest legends in it, and now enjoyed them, unmitigated, for the first time. I would scarcely believe it, when the piece came to an end, and all the glory vanished with the sound. The sudden recall to reality was as disagreeable as the awakening from a

sweet dream. Since that time, I have felt the deepest interest and curiosity in Berlioz. I thoroughly understand the peculiarities of this man's creations, for I listen to them in a two-fold manner; with the grateful, unprejudiced ear of a child, and with the watchfulness of a dissatisfied artist. I know, just as well as any one, how drunkenly wild his counterpoint often is,—indeed, it often looks as though it had been written with red wine,—how like beasts of prey his rhythms leap, how hasheesh intoxicated his harmonies can be; I know well enough that poor Berlioz sometimes buries his thoughts, led astray by their apparent death; then, taking them back from the bier, he does not perceive that they are now really dead, and wear two fatal worms in the head, in place of fine eyes; but I also know, that it must be conceded to this man, that he is completely individual, and of a perfect mould. It is not imitation, affected striving after a capricious ideal, or the idolatry of his friends, that has made him what he is, but a simple necessity of his nature. I consider him an anomaly of genial strength, the fanciful dessert served by Providence after the feast of Ludwig van Beethoven. He is a remarkable hors-d'œuvre, and I freely acknowledge that I enjoy most of his works with extreme delight, and take the liveliest sympathy in all; for when Berlioz errs, it is 'at least the error of a giant, and the errors of giants are infinitely more interesting than the truths of dwarfs.'

The Cellini overture is one of the finest pieces from Berlioz's pen; it has little that is morbid in the conception, it is clear, full of the finest motives, and handled with extraordinary intelligence. It is no posthumous instrumentation of abstract thoughts; the real movement of an orchestra lives in it. We feel, in spite of ourselves, that Berlioz's true kingdom is the orchestra. Wagner needs words; nay, more, he needs the situation. Only when these two conditions carry the musician along with them, is he excellent. The Tannhäuser overture is no exception to this rule, for it is only an epitome of the situations of the whole opera; and, according to my judgment, it will be unique among his compositions. In his Faust overture, I miss the hand of a truly instrumental nature like that of Berlioz; it contains many fine intentions, but no goal; rhapsodical interjections, but no true force of thought; and thus the whole piece makes upon me the impression of a finely instrumented, but,—when we consider the greatness of the subject,—merely the expression of an *interesting* sorrow. How much more alive are his scores, when he has to do with real objects, with an actual world!

Wonderful is the warfare that this question of the "Future-music" has caused. Led astray by party hate and favor, its ideal floats still further down the future. Our German journalism has not shown its finest side in the contest. When parties had exhausted all their reasons, they began to abuse each other. And not with the genial abuse of Fichte either, who once, after an hour's vain discussion, broke off with the despair-

ing exclamation, "Sir, one of us must necessarily be an ass, but assuredly it is not I!", but with stupid abuse. Rudeness is, it is well known, an acknowledgment that there is nothing more to be said reasonably. You have stigmatized my silence on this question as equivocal. Madame, I value a ripe silence more highly than an unripe discourse. At an earlier period, I might have endeavored, like many other young enthusiasts, to relieve and convince myself; for, believe me, the greater part of our critics in art write in order to enlighten themselves. I will confess to you, that with age, a certain difficulty, a certain mistrust as to the value of maiden impressions has come over me; nay, I will lay at your feet the most fearful of all confessions, a confession, to which a critic by the grace of God would listen with a shrug of sovereign pity; that I have been many times forced to correct my taste, for I have found that it is best not to put faith in the first impression that a thing makes upon me, that I must often alter a first judgment, and that admiration will even sometimes step into the place of disgust. I cannot describe to you the lively dislike that the motive of the *Venus mouutain* inspired me with on hearing it for the first time, what a whine it appeared to my nervous system, how dull and trivial *Tannhäuser's* song in B major seemed to me, or how that shiver of the violins at the close, tormented and displeased me. I felt as though I were witnessing the dancing follies of a mad-house ball. To-day, although I am not disposed to regard the overture to *Tannhäuser* in the light of such a work of art as the overture to *Coriolanus*, I have become gradually familiar with it, and when it is played before the curtain, it exercises over me a narcotic influence of the most agreeable kind. This experience has made me distrustful and meditative as to my own impressions. In studying carefully the works of younger masters, when anything in them displeases me, I think immediately of my *Tannhäuser* experience. But it is not my fault, if I feel towards some of them always the same horror that I felt at the beginning. If the confession that I feel unqualified to judge the value an artistic creation on a first hearing, awakens your favorable opinion as to my honesty, you will certainly lose what regard you may have felt for the greatness of my intellect! However, I am less fearful of being blamed for prejudice, than for hastiness or dishonesty, for we are all—you alone excepted!—prejudiced; and if any one could give me a trigonometrically correct measurement of the superficial contents of my nature, I should give much less thought to the size of the article, than to the great gain such knowledge would prove to me in setting the use and management of my faculties in a clear light before me.

But as to my position in this peculiar question, I do not absolutely belong to either party; I am too young and confident, not to meet and greet progress eagerly, wherever it is to be found; yet too old and distrustful, to give myself up entirely to a party that believes it will succeed by means of excess and the romantic fanaticism of its associated fury. I will not court the favors of either, and if I displease, I do so at least with good intentions.

The Emperor Nicholas—there are few persons, madam, whose remarks strike us more forcibly than the political sentences of the late Czar

— once said: "I can understand the idea of a republic, but a constitutional government I cannot understand." To tell the honest truth, you can understand the absolutism of the classicists, and the stormy republicanism of the "future musicians," but what you cannot understand, is — my constitutional medium?

Letters about Music.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for the *London Musical World*, from the *Kölnerische Zeitung*.

Felix Mendelssohn's brother, Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the Berlin banker, announced some time since his intention of publishing, in conjunction with Professor Droysen, a collection of the celebrated musician's letters. The execution of this project, however, in its fullest extent, was attended, for the moment, by insurmountable difficulties, and therefore Herr Mendelssohn thought his best course would be to carry it out temporarily on the more limited scale. The result is that we have gained a volume of *Letters written by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, while on his Travels, from 1830 to 1832*, a book perfectly unequalled in its own particular way, and for which we cannot sufficiently thank the publisher.

Felix Mendelssohn started from Berlin in May, 1830, for the purpose of making a long tour. He went, in the first place to Weimar, where he was most warmly received by Goethe, who prevailed on him to stop a fortnight, or thereabouts in his house. From Weimar he proceeded, by the way of Munich, to Vienna, and thence to Italy. We find him, in October, at Venice and Florence. The winter of 1830—31 he passed at Rome. In the spring of 1831 he made a trip to Naples, and then, taking Rome, Florence, Milan, &c. on his road, directed his steps to Switzerland, where he roved about for some months. A second visit to Munich took place in October, 1831. Thence he proceeded, through Düsseldorf (for the purpose of calling on Immermann) to Paris where he stayed the winter. The spring of 1832 found him in London—where he had frequently been before, the last occasion being in 1824—actively engaged in the prosecution of his art.

The letters now presented to us, with few exceptions, all addressed to Mendelssohn's parents, or brothers and sisters. They treat of subjects of every kind at considerable length, and sometimes assume the form of a diary. They present us with the picture of a young man of such extraordinary natural gifts, and such eminent accomplishment, of so fresh and youthful a mind, of such high morality and amiable loveliness, that any one like him is very rarely to be met with in the history of art, or rather artists, while among musicians such a one has hitherto never been met with at all. Not only for those who knew Mendelssohn personally, or honored him as a composer—or for those who consider such a phenomenon in relation to progress generally—but even for his enemies (for such there are), this collection of letters affords evidence of his greatness in every way, as a man.

It is very seldom that the powers that guide our fate are pleased to lavish their gifts so freely on any one as they did on Mendelssohn—it was not in vain that he was called Felix. His parents were not only blessed with material riches (a doubtful gift for their children), but were pre-eminent in mind as well as accomplishments, and conducted the education of their sons and daughters with just as much earnest strictness as devoted love. Mendelssohn grew up in the midst of the best educated society in Berlin. His natural talent for music (a talent which, for extent and early maturity, the only other example is to be found in the case of Mozart) was not forced, like a hot-house plant, at the expense of his other capabilities, but received, in its organic growth, all the sun and all the dew it needed. An engaging appearance, a celebrated name, which people had not to beat into their heads, and influential family connections advanced him

in his intercourse with the outer world—the social position which others have to win by their own exertions was his by the force of circumstances. For these brilliant advantages Mendelssohn might be envied; but he commands our love and respect by the mode in which he employed them. The gratitude he manifested towards his parents, and his warm love generally to all connected with him, his profound modesty, despite all the consciousness of his artistic strength, his love for nature, the sincere, overflowing admiration he entertained for all that is grand and beautiful, his earnestness, his industry, his respect for his art, his kindness towards every struggling man of talent—but I should never end, if I attempted to enumerate all his laudable and loveable qualities. A nearer, although cursory, glance at the letters lying before us, will furnish an occasion for many observations. You will allow me, pen in hand, to go through them once again, after having previously devoured them with a kind of feverish haste.

The first two letters, dated from Weimar, and the third from Munich, are interesting, not only on account of Mendelssohn, but also of Goethe. "Goethe is so friendly and kind to me that I do not know how to thank him for it, or deserve it," writes Felix. But this is not all. "The old gentleman" goes through a practical course of musical history with his young friend, who plays him pieces, "in chronological order, of all the various great composers," and takes him as far as Beethoven's symphony in C minor. But I should have to quote everything to give an idea of the charm of this meeting between the greyhaired hero of poetry and the genial young musician. It reminds us almost, however strange it may sound, of Clärchen's relation to Egmont, when Mendelssohn writes: "And as I then thought, this was the Göthe of whom people would one day say he was not one person, but consisted of several little Göthide." We regret that Eckermann was not present to add to his Dialogues those which may have taken place on this occasion.

A second letter from Munich to his elder sister, Fanny Hensel, who, as we know, was one of the first musicians of the day, is exceedingly characteristic, for its principal contents are a "Song without Words," the rest consisting of a few warmhearted lines. He sends the song to his suffering sister, as the genuine expression of his feeling for her, of "what he wishes and means;" and as the little piece (it is as Mendelssohnian as possible) begins, so to speak, in the middle and leaves off in the middle, without on that account being fragmentary, there is something very touching about it, and it really sounds more as if it was spoken than composed.

Concerning what Mendelssohn saw and did from the middle of June till the middle of August, we are left in the dark. Then come two letters, one containing an account of a travelling mishap in Salzburg, and the other a description of the coronation ceremonies of Pressburg, so full of life and humor (there are little touches of Jean Paul here and there), so full of enjoyment and *abandon*, but at the same time of *objectivity*, as to be perfectly entrancing. Mendelssohn possesses the gift of description in a degree which is astounding, especially when we recollect that his attention was, as a rule, devoted to music. Musicians, generally, are bad hands at seeing, which, by the way, is far from saying that they are always good ones at hearing. But it is one of the attributes of music to lead those who study it more particularly to the concentration, rather than the observation, of the outward world. Although nature and life may produce in the composer many a sentiment which he subsequently attempts to express in tone, yet it is not so much a quick perception of details as the total impression which he requires for this. But Mendelssohn may stand comparison with a painter (he possessed, indeed, a fair amount of skill in drawing from nature, and displayed a great partiality for cultivating and improving it), and, whether it be national customs, works of art, scenery, or events in social life, he describes his object in the most graphic manner. He possessed, also, an

excellent memory for things of this kind (his memory for music was something inconceivable), and, when he narrated facts and occurrences, it was evident he did not require to think over them—he went through them a second time, and photographed, as it were, all that passed before his mind's eye.

Thus the description of his entry into Italy, and his visit to Venice, from which place the following letters are dated, are full of really Göthe-like life.

But he expresses the impressions he received from material objects no less clearly than the scenes of every-day life. I must here notice a peculiarity of his mind which throws a strong light upon his whole artistic nature and productions. He invariably avoids what young men gifted (and, by the way, in many cases, not gifted) with poetical powers so frequently seek after, namely, the clothing his sensations in the strongest possible form of expression. Not only is everything like exaggeration repulsive to him, but a kind of modesty of heart prevents him in most cases even from presenting his feelings in all their strength. Thus he is in ecstasies about Titian. "But not a word more," he suddenly exclaims, "or else I shall grow poetical, if I am not so already, and that does not become me very much." Rather than appear, under any circumstances, pathetic, he endeavors to render in cheerful words, as unpretending as possible, whatever moves him most profoundly, and if he can ever be reproached with not being perfectly truthful, it is on the score of thus keeping in subjection that with which his soul is filled.

With what simple words, however, he could sometimes describe the loftiest thoughts, the following lines will show:—"But if I am to speak of Titian, I must be serious. I had not previously thought he was so happy an artist as I have to-day seen that he was. That he enjoyed life with its beauties and its riches is shown by the picture in Paris, and I was acquainted with the fact; but he was conversant, also, with the profoundest grief, and is no stranger to Heaven itself; this is proved by his divine Interment, and the Ascension."

In a subsequent letter to his master, Zelter, he gives vent to his indignation at the commonplace, humdrum music played in Italy, and his irritation is to be pacified only the music of the Sixtine Chapel, and a few occasional displays. The result of his musical experience in Italy always amounts to this,—that any one who wishes to hear Italian music well played, if, indeed, any one wishes to hear it at all, must go to Paris and London. It is to be hoped that regenerated Italy will have strength enough to take a fresh flight in art as well as in other things.

But during the whole period he is revelling in the works of art that Venice, Florence, and subsequently Rome, present to his notice, Mendelssohn does not cease, a single instant, from active productivity himself. The works, however, which take up his time—if we expect a few occasional pieces, in the best acceptation of the word—have not any connection with the objects by which he is surrounded and inspired. At Venice he works at the music for Luther's Sacred Songs; at Rome, we see the *Walpurgisnacht* spring into life. His inward musical life pursues its natural course, like the pulsation of his heart; we behold blossoms sprout forth from what was previously sown, while the fruit progresses steadily and surely into full maturity.

At Rome, where he arrives on the 1st of November, 1830, he takes up his permanent quarters, so to speak, and expressly informs us, that it is here, for the first time, that a certain breathless eagerness for travel leaves him, and that he experiences the sensation of having reached the "culminating point" of his peregrinations. He remains until after the Easter solemnities, and his readers obtain a perfect picture of his sayings and doings, especially if they have been fortunate enough to visit the city themselves. We behold him studying, in solitude, art and antiquity; associating with men of the first order, such as Horace Vernet, Thorwaldsen, Bunsen, &c.; going out into fashionable society; and enjoying the

Carnival in a spirit of unrestrained fun. The Pope dies while Mendelssohn is at Rome, and Mendelssohn talks about the Conclave; of the election of the new Pope (Gregory XVI.), which happened, by the way, on his (Mendelssohn's) birthday; of the winter and spring days; of the religious ceremonies; and, in a word, of everything beautiful and peculiar, which arrests the attention of a visitor in the mournful old capital of the world. During all this time, however, he does not neglect work; and the lover of music will feel not a little delighted at being enabled to welcome so many of Mendelssohn's compositions at their birth. His only complaint is, that he has no intimate musical acquaintances; in this he was a spoilt child, and felt called upon to attribute to Italy alone a state of things which others meet in Germany as well.

Of the highest possible interest are the accounts Mendelssohn gives of the musical performances during Passion-Week, especially the account contained in a subsequent letter addressed to Zelter. His delicately-educated ear, his musical memory, the talent he had for giving himself up to his impressions, without losing for a moment his clearness of observation, rendered him capable of furnishing a report of every detached musical part, and, at the same time, of grasping, and most completely making his own, the poetical power of the whole. There is nothing on which a greater amount of obscure twaddle has been expended than the musical part of the solemnities during Passion-Week at Rome, and thus Mendelssohn's letters on the subject are a real gain for the history of Music.

The natural beauties of Naples and its neighbourhood, some of which Mendelssohn visits in the company of Schadow, Bendemann, Sohn, and Hildebrand, afterwards his associates at Düsseldorf, do not prove sufficient to render his sojourn agreeable; and, for the first time, we behold him somewhat out of humor, and somewhat less active than usual. The manner in which he endeavors to enlighten himself and his relatives on his state of mind, is another most highly characteristic bit. He experiences the reaction of the Neapolitan *dolce far niente*, and nothing can be more repugnant to a hearty, hard-working young man, such as he is. His description of Neapolitan idleness and frivolity is admirable, and one feels inclined to shake hands with him, when he exclaims, "I can very well perceive why all this must be, and why the wolves howl*; but there is no necessity for us to howl with them; the proverb should be just reversed."

Mendelssohn now proceeds on his travels from Rome, through Florence, Genoa, and Milan, to Switzerland. It is impossible to allude, even cursorily, to all the peculiarly attractive subjects with which his letters are filled. But I must mention the extracts from two letters to that excellent man, Edward Devrient. On the one hand, they present us with a splendid picture of the perfect purity of Mendelssohn's artistic efforts, while on the other, it is exceedingly remarkable that, as we perceive from them, precisely at this period of his most fertile development the young composer desires nothing so ardently as to write an opera. But he could not find a suitable poet, however much and zealously he endeavored to do so. We can scarcely estimate the influence which would have been exerted on the progress of German music had Mendelssohn met with a German Scribe. Had he done so, it may with great certainty be presumed that many things would have turned out differently from what they have done.

Hitherto we have been called on to contemplate only Mendelssohn's mental activity; but, during his ramblings through Switzerland, we see the genial young man in quite another light. We behold him scaling mountains and travelling valleys in the most undaunted manner; facing snow, rain, and wind; allowing the fearful weather to affect at the most his clothes, but never his spirits; in the midst of all his labors

and privations never ceasing to draw, compose, and extemporise upon wretched organs; and treasuring up in his heart the magnificent beauties of nature with the same pure warmth he had greeted the works of art. At Engelberg he once again takes up Schiller's *Tell*, and is lost in ecstatic admiration of its incomparable beauties.

Many a German probably has discovered from experience, that by reading *Tell* on the scene of the action, he is struck by its truth and beauty, even more than he would be under ordinary circumstances. It is a remarkable fact that Mendelssohn, whose veneration for musical classics is well known, and who is erroneously looked upon as an opponent of progress (which, by the way, is in many cases a mere name) should at every opportunity, exclaim, "In music such a work does not yet exist, but something as perfect must be produced at some period or other." For the present, at any rate, there appears little hope of this being done.

I must now mention a most charming letter, written from Lucerne to Tauhert. The latter had forwarded Mendelssohn a volume of his songs with a letter, and Mendelssohn receives the advances of one hitherto completely unknown to him with the same genuine, ardent sympathy, and the same heartfelt interest in his artistic aspirations, nearly allied to his own, which he always displays when he meets a musician with talent and integrity. Many of our best artists can corroborate this. Whenever he appeared distant, he could not help appearing so, for he did not choose either to abandon or disguise the great fundamental principles of his nature.

"The dirty, wet pedestrian takes his leave and will write again as a town fashionable, with visiting-cards, clean linen, and a dress-coat," we are informed in a letter of September 5th, from Lindau. Accordingly, on the 6th of October, Mendelssohn treats us to an account of his musical doings in Munich, where he is uncommonly amused, gives a grand concert for the benefit of the poor, plays at Court, creates a perfect *furore*, and participates with genuine boyish delight in the October Festival. In addition to this, he gives the fair little L—, a lesson in composition every day at twelve o'clock. What he says about this same little L— must be quoted in order that it may be made known to those who have not yet obtained the book itself.

I think her one of the sweetest creatures ever I saw. Just fancy a delicate, small, pale little girl, with noble, though not handsome features; so interesting and unusual, that it is difficult to keep one's eyes off her, while all her movements and all her words are full of geniality. She possesses the gift of composing songs and singing them in such a manner, that I never heard anything like it; to listen to her is for me the most perfect musical pleasure ever enjoyed. When she seats herself at the piano, and commences one of these songs the tones sound differently to what they generally do—the whole composition sways so strangely to and fro, while the most profound and most delicate meaning lies in each note. When she begins to sing, with her gentle voice, the first word, every one becomes still and thoughtful, and, after his own fashion, thoroughly moved. O, if you could but hear her voice! It is so innocent, and unconsciously beautiful; it proceeds from the innermost depths of her soul, and yet is so calm! She possessed every natural requisite last year; she had not written a single song which did not contain some trait of talent bright as the sun. I and M— were the first to trumpet the news through the city among musicians; but not one put much belief in what we said. Since then she has made the most remarkable progress. Any one who is not carried away by her present songs, is destitute of anything in the shape of feeling—perhaps I will shortly make you girls* a present of some of which she wrote out for me from gratitude, because I teach her what she really knows from nature, and have kept her somewhat to good and serious music."

I respect the scruples which have induced the editor, here and in many other instances, to sup-

* Mendelssohn is here alluding to the German proverb, "Wer unter den Wölfen ist, muss mithaulen,"—"Whoever is among wolves must howl with them; equivalent to our "When you are at Rome, you must do as Rome does."—J. V. B.

press names—but I cannot resist being indiscreet, and informing such persons as do not already know it, that this phenomenon, as interesting as comparatively speaking unknown, of whom Mendelssohn speaks with such warmth, was Frau-lein Josephine Lang, at present the widow of Professor Köster, and who now, after many severe trials, resides in Tübingen. Of her touching sympathetic songs,—and with really girlish freshness she writes fresh ones every day—a great many, it is true, though far too few, have been published, since the period in question. They have found many friends here and there, but have been far too little noticed by the great mass of the public. As we well know, fate too frequently plays a capricious game with the productions of the mind just as with man himself. The choicest flowers bloom unknown, but are none the less beautiful or the less fragrant because they fade unseen. The flowers of the mind do not, however, fade so speedily—so let us hope that the Songs of Josephine Lang will still meet with the popularity and appreciation they so richly merit.

I can dismiss in a few words the letters from Paris (winter of 1831—32) and those from London (spring of 1832). They do not, especially the first, possess quite the charm of the previous letters. Whatever interest he might feel in it, the sort of life led at Paris could not really suit a musician and a man like Mendelssohn. It so happened that at that moment politics were playing a part which swallowed up every other, and, although Mendelssohn's lofty productions gained from him, in many cases, that appreciation of the best among his colleagues, he never felt particularly comfortable. To this we must add the news which he received of the death of one of his dearest friends, Edward Rietz, the violinist, as well as that of Göthe and some other intimate acquaintances—and, last of all the outbreak of the cholera, of which he himself had an attack. For me this period will never be forgotten, for it brought me in much nearer relation to Mendelssohn, than when we had met each other before, which we had done as almost mere boys. Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave Paris much sooner than he was. The surest proof that his residence there did not really please him, is the fact that he never returned thither.

In London he hears of the death of his master, Zelter. These were eventful times for our friend's heart. The extraordinary reception which he met with, even then, in London, where, moreover, some of his oldest friends resided; the great musical activity in which he lived; the immense traffic and bustle of the great city, with their order and restlessness, always appealed to his feelings—and "restored him to, or diverted him from himself." We here leave him. The reflections contained in the last letter, on his position, at the time, with regard to the Berlin Sing-Academie, and, indeed, to Berlin generally, afford us explanations of many circumstances which have given rise to much discussion in the musical world.

It is to be hoped that the obstacles still exist to prevent the publication of other letters from Mendelssohn will soon be surmounted. We cannot see too much of such an artistic nature, so noble in its tendencies, so perfectly accomplished, and so comprehensive in its operations—especially at a moment like the present, when passion and obscurity play so great a part in musical affairs. It has been granted to but few to attain such perfect development, such rich effectiveness as Felix Mendelssohn. His good fortune, too, remained faithful to him up to the end—when his youth ended, then, also ended his life!

* Mendelssohn is writing to his sisters.

The "Alceste" of Gluck.

The lyric drama is now so much embodied on the European system, that nationality in music, as regards opera, is fast fading away. Even in Italy, French, German, and also English works, are now produced. In Vienna, Berlin, Stuttgart, Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Brunswick, Darmstadt, Frankfort, and other great musical towns in Germa-

ny, operas of every school find a place. London has long yielded to the cosmopolitan principle, and a new opera or a revival of any remarkable production in any part of Europe is as much a matter of interest as an original composition here. Whatever may be alleged as to art-advancement, it is a curious fact that the clinging to the master-pieces of past time should be so strongly manifested. The day may come when Handel's operas, containing as they do such exquisite inspirations, will be revived, not perhaps with the original books, for these, it is to be feared, are irretrievably bad, but the music may be adapted to new librettos. As regards Gluck, inasmuch as the defunct Ancient Concerts at the Hanover-Square Rooms (the cessation of which was a heavy blow for the preservation of art of by-gone days) have rendered permanently popular certain airs, his name has always lived in the memory; and it has been the constant practice of opera house directors to promise the performance of one of his grand works, as it has been the equally certain result that nothing was done. After Gluck's "Orpheus" had, however, been resuscitated at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, and Viardot, by her sublime acting and singing, had caused the revival to have a run of some hundreds of nights, the "Orfeo e Euridice" was magnificently mounted at the Royal Italian Opera in the season 1860, with Csillag, Miolan-Carvalho, Didié, and Penco. The grandeur of the music and the freshness of the melodies quite astounded the modern amateurs, whose experience was mainly metropolitan; but in Berlin Gluck's reputation is constant, and not casual. Even the Grand Imperial Opera-house powers were awakened from their trance by Viardot's Orfeo, and, searching the archives, they ascertained that at periodical returns Gluck was always a great fact. The palmy days of the feuds between him and Piccini, when opera flourished on the excitement of the partisans of each composer, Gluck's memorable musical proclamations, the ascendancy which France, through him, acquired in Italy and Germany, reminded the Parisian *impresario* that the truly great and beautiful in art never dies—that music of the mind and heart is eternal. So Viardot, an *artiste* whose voice ever and anon is pronounced to be extinguished, still most unexpectedly turns up somewhere in Europe, whether singing in Russian, in Spanish, in German, in French, in Italian, or in English, and invariably moves her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. "She is without the charm of personal beauty, without the possession of an exceptional organ; she is ugly and discordant (as her detractors give out); yet the star of this child of song, of this dramatic and musical genius, never sinks. If it disappears for a time from one hemisphere, the news soon arrives from another sky that it is shining brilliantly. One moment she is heard of in Berlin as the "Iphigenie in Tauride," and in Aulide; as the Shakspelian Romeo, with Vaccai's vapid music; as the Desdemona with Rossini's finer inspiration; as the Rosina of Iberian identity; as the Alice and the Princess in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," both which parts she has played in one night; as the Valentina *par excellence*; as the only Fides; as the creator of Orfeo; and now, as the only singer (without voice and without beauty, be it reiterated) who could embody Alceste as she is now embodying it in Paris.

This revival of "Alceste" will bear its fruits. What a lesson is the career of Gluck for all composers. A Bohemian by birth, he became a wanderer at an early age. From 1736 to 1745 he worked in Italy. In the year of the second Scotch rebellion he composed two operas in London, but with no success, for Handel was in the field. It is asserted that the latter thought little of Gluck; but the composer of "Orfeo" was then writing in his earliest style. He had a profound veneration for Handel, whose portrait was always placed opposite his bed. To Gluck's presence in this country is the world indebted for the development of his genius. In concocting (besides the two operas) a pasticcio, "Pyramus and Thisbe," he had adapted some of the airs he had composed for other works, and he was so astonished to find that, in their new position, they had failed to produce the effect created in their original situations, that he came to the conclusion there were rules governing composition as well as rules which guide the material world. Hence his theory of the strict alliance necessary to be preserved between sound and sense, between poetry and notation, between melody and rhythm, between accent and action. In due course he published his two celebrated prefaces, the one to the Italian version of "Alceste," in 1794, at Venice, and the other prefixed to his "Paris and Helena." Abandoning Metastasio, Gluck had the good fortune to have as an ally Calsabigi, who wrote for him the books in which such intense dramatic situations are to be found. Gluck's prefaces were

proclamations; he thundered forth his theories against superfluous ornament, he declared war to the knife to tedious ritornel's, to florid *points d'orgue*; he insisted upon the overture being a precursor of the story; he claimed to be the musical Raphael, for as the slightest alteration in a man's traits would become disfigurement, so would a note more or less sustained, a neglect of time, an appoggiatura out of place, a shake, a roulade, ruin an entire conception. Gluck's prefaces were a finality doctrine in art, and his dogmas, albeit, *au fond* based on truth, have not been so accepted. The Gluckist faith has been followed, it is true, but its principles have been extended. Mozart, with some well known exceptions, adhered to Gluck's vocal precepts, but advanced far beyond him in rich and varied orchestration. Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Meyerbeer, &c., also are Gluckists, without being instrumentally monotonous. Hercin, indeed, is the capital defect of Gluck's finality. Would he not have resorted to all the resources of modern instruments had he possessed them in his days? And as Mozart found it not beneath his genius to add additional accompaniments to the "Messiah," why should not a conscientious and enthusiastic admirer of Gluck like Berlioz, do the same for his idol? Amateurs may remember the dismal effect of the "Messiah," with the original score, when essayed by Hullah, in St. Martin's Hall. A more recent example is in point. Only let the sensations be contrasted in listening to Costa's additional accompaniments to Handel's "Samson," at Birmingham, and in hearing the same oratorio at the Hereford Festival with the meagre instrumentation of the composer. If "Alceste" should be performed at the Royal Italian Opera, which the reception of "Orfeo" would fully warrant, no better service could be done for Gluck than to invite either Berlioz or Costa to write additional accompaniments; and then the permanent popularity of the revival would be secured.

The mythological tradition of "Alceste" is, that she and her sister murdered their father, when, flying to Admetus, she married Alceste; but that, being pursued by Acastus, the brother, with an army, Admetus was taken prisoner, and was only saved from death by the offer of his wife, Alceste, to sacrifice in her husband's stead. Another version is, that Admetus being about to die from disease, Alceste, at the word of the oracle that nothing could save his life but for some one dying in his place, gave herself up to the Fates; Hercules, however, intervening to bring her back from Tartarus. The French adaptation, by the Baillé du Rollin, of Calsabigi's original Italian libretto, differs in many respects; Apollo as well as Hercules controls the Fates. In the tragedy of Euripides it is the influence of Hercules alone. Gluck had to modify his score to fall in with the intentions of the French poet; but the canvas sufficed for the genius of the musician.

It can create no surprise that since the revival of "Alceste" at the Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra, in Paris, on the 21st of October, the work is given three nights in the week, and bids fair to be as popular as "Orphée" was at the Théâtre Lyrique. This second triumph of Gluck proves the accuracy of the judgment of the amateurs who have been trying so long to impress upon London managers the importance to art of such resuscitations. If "Iphigénie en Aulide," "Iphigénie en Tauride," "Armide," and "Alceste," were added to the Royal Italian Opera répertoire at Covent-garden, now that the ice has been broken with "Orphée," there would be both a classic and popular lyre-drama to fall back upon. Gluck killed Lully and other French composers in his days, and the influence of his works left at the Grand Opera no prestige for his successors, until Rossini arrived with his "William Tell," and Meyerbeer, with his "Robert le Diable." Halévy's "Juive" survives of the Academician's operas, and Donizetti's "Favorita" retains its place; but Rossini and Meyerbeer, especially the latter, are the great attractions. There is a large and increasing listening public, fatigued with modern mediocrity, who are glad to fall back on the past. Here, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" alone is the representative of the ancient opera; but Gluck's French list of works opens up a mine of wealth. The cast in Paris is as follows. Alceste, Madame Viardot; Greek Girl, Mlle. de Taisy; Admète, M. Michot; High Priest, M. Cazaux; Hercule, M. Borchard; Evandre, M. Koenig; Apollon, M. Grizy; Caron, M. Coulon. M. Dietsch conducts the orchestra, the strength of which in the stringed has been carried up to 14 violins, 14 second ditto, 10 altos, 10 violoncellos, and nine double basses. Berlioz, in praising this additional phalanx, states that it has brought the Grand Opera Band up to the number of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra; but this is an error. Costa's players are not only more numerous than the above in stringed,

through several and most forcible scenes, and will be well received by all who are fond of dramatic music. The author of these scenes is not known, but it is a fact that they were written by a man who had been a student of the drama, and had written a number of plays, and that he had a good knowledge of the dramatic art. The scenes are well written, and the music is well composed, and the whole is a good example of dramatic music.

THE OPERA OF M A R T H A ,

OR THE

FAIR AT RICHMOND.

BY

F. Von FLOTOW.

FOR PIANO SOLO.

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ARGUMENT.

Lady Harriet, a lady of rank at the court of Queen Anne of England, tired of the amusements which court-life affords, forms a plan to visit the Servant's Fair at Richmond in the disguise of a servant girl in search of employment. She is accompanied by Nancy, her maid, and Sir Tristan, a cousin and admirer of hers, and rather advanced in years, all appropriately attired for the occasion.

Hither also repair two young farmers, Lionel and Plunkett. Lionel is the adopted child of Plunkett's parents, now both deceased. His parentage is unknown. His father was found, one evening, at the door of the farm-house, where he had sunk down from exhaustion. Lionel, then a small boy, was with him. Both were taken in and provided for, but the father soon died, leaving his son to the charity of Plunkett's parents. He left to his son nothing but a ring, with the injunction to present it to the Queen if he should ever be in distress. The two foster-brothers come to the Fair with the purpose of engaging help for their farm, which had been left to their management by their mother, just deceased. Here they are struck with the personal appearance of Lady Harriet and her maid, and offer to engage them. The Lady and Nancy, who relish this joke exceedingly, accept the offer and take the earnest-money, unaware that thereby they are bound in law to serve them for the space of one year. When they want to leave the Fair, the farmers detain them; Tristan's interference is useless, and as Lady Harriet does not wish to reveal her name and character, lest her reputation should suffer by it, she is obliged to mount with Nancy the farmer's wagon and drive off with them.

Arrived at the farm, the foster-brothers soon find out that their new servants know absolutely nothing of their duties. But as Lionel is quite smitten with the Lady, and Plunkett pleased with the maid, their domestic incapacity is excused. Nancy teases Plunkett, who in his turn gets angry. The maid, frightened, runs away to hide in the kitchen, pursued by Plunkett. Lionel, left alone with his new servant, (who has adopted the name of Martha,) makes advances. Lady Harriet answers evasively. Asked to sing, the Lady treats him to the old Irish ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer." Lionel, who now is completely enamored, asks her to become his wife. Lady Harriet laughs at him. They are interrupted by Plunkett and Nancy, the latter just caught after a hard chase. The clock strikes midnight, and masters and servants part to go to rest. Then Tristan, who has followed the track of the prisoners, enters through a window and assists in the escape of the ladies. Plunkett, who in his apartment has heard loud talking in the hall, comes in again, meaning to send the servants to bed, whom he thinks yet up and chattering. Seeing the window open, and hearing the

noise of carriage wheels dying away in the distance, he becomes alarmed, thinks they have been robbed, and calls in Lionel. They become aware of the flight of their servants; Plunkett rings the large bell out in the farm-yard; the whole neighborhood assembles, hear what has transpired, and all start in pursuit of the fugitives, who, however, make good their escape.

A little while after this occurrence, the Queen, with the Ladies of her court—among whom are Lady Harriet and her maid—hunt in a forest adjoining the village of which Plunkett's farm forms a part. Accidentally Plunkett and Lionel fall in with a party of huntresses, headed by Lady Harriet. They recognize their former servants; but the ladies deny all knowledge of them. Their cortege comes to their assistance, and the two farmers are about to be arrested when Lady Harriet, who at last was touched by Lionel's wild grief, causes them to go off unharmed, stigmatizing them as madmen, unworthy of serious notice. Lionel, driven almost frantic by the cruel calmness with which Martha pretends not to know him, bethinks himself that he has the ring left him by his father. He entrusts it to Plunkett, and as the Queen is passing by, Plunkett immediately delivers it to her. By means of this ring it is found out that Lionel is the only son of the late Earl of Derby, who ended his days in disgrace, into which he unjustly had fallen. Queen Anne causes the title and all the possessions of the late Earl to be restored to the son by an Act of Parliament.

Lady Harriet has, after the unfortunate meeting in the forest, become aware that she is deeply in love with Lionel, and now, anxious to re-establish herself in the favor of the new-created earl, contrives to be the first one to communicate to him the news of his parentage. But Lionel receives her coldly, and when the lady, who is a prey to the most violent feelings of affection towards Lionel, and of remorse for having repulsed him so harshly, offers her hand to him, and kneeling, prays him to accept her, he even then cannot overcome the bitter feeling in his heart towards the false and cruel lady. But the indefatigable Lady Harriet, with the assistance of Plunkett, who in his alarm for the health, and even life of his foster-brother, was easily persuaded to take part in the scheme, contrives still another plan to bring about a reconciliation. A part of the lady's park is artfully transformed into a fac-simile of the market-place at Richmond. Farmers and servants appear, a counterfeit sheriff presents himself, and the lady in her peasant's dress mingles with the throng. Hither Lionel is conducted. At the sight of Lady Harriet in the costume of a servant all his former love for her comes back, and the two lovers are at last united. So are Plunkett and Nancy; and the curtain descends on two happy couples.

but, as Berlioz well knows, the English artists play on more costly and superior instruments, which fact accounts for the volume of sound that so struck Spohr, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, &c. A bass trombone is added to the Paris band, but otherwise there has been no increase in the wind instruments. Indeed, as regards the orchestration, the original score is rigidly adhered to, which, with due submission to Berlioz, is to be regretted. The proof that additional sonority is required is given by the increase of the stringed; and if new accompaniments had been written for the wood and brass, monotony would be avoided. The flute and oboe play a prominent part in the instrumentation of Gluck, it is true; but clarinets, bassoons, and horns would impart infinite *élan* and variety in many passages. As transposition has been imperative from beginning to end, to enable Madame Viardot to sing Alceste, there could have been the less remorse in additional accompaniment. The composer's score, it is admitted, will, in certain parts, lose; but in the main it would gain immeasurably. Transposition in a concert-room is always accepted; why should there be this obstinacy in resisting it for the stage, especially when scenic effect will be so much improved? The loss of a few notes, and the keeping up of the chain of modulations, must be attended to as much as possible by the skillful adapter.

The Paris execution is not so rigidly exact as that generally remarked in Germany. It is warmer in the coloring, but it might be rendered still more so, and there would even then be no exaggeration in Gluck's intentions. Viardot is the tower of strength in the cast. One wonders how Signora Bernasconi satisfied Gluck in the Italian version in Vienna, in 1767? He selected Rosalie Levasseur herself for the French adaptation in 1776. Since that date the heroine of Euripides has fallen to Madame Saint-Huberte, to Mlle. Maillart, and to Madame Branchi. The last mentioned artiste is within the recollection of old opera frequenters. "Alceste" was revived for her and the famed tenor, Nourrit, in 1825; and it was for her farewell benefit it was done in 1826, not to be brought forth again until the year of grace 1861, and then only on account of the prodigious sensation created by Viardot in singing detached airs at the Conservatoire concerts after her triumph in "Orphée." How little can the results of first nights be depended upon! Sophie Arnould, who had been Gluck's Eurydice and Iphigénie, in Paris, was not assigned Alceste, the music of which was written for a high soprano. The enraged prima donna got up a cabal, and "Alceste," on the opening representation, was a *quasifiasco*. "Alceste' est tombée," exclaimed Gluck at the end, in despair. "Oui," replied a friend, "tombée du ciel."

The introduction to "Alceste" has the proportions of an overture, although, like that of "Don Giovanni," it is allied to the opening piece, as the curtain rises. Before Gluck's time, by the way, the curtain never fell between the acts, and the audience saw all the labors of the carpenters in preparing the stage set. The first chorus, "Dieux, rendez-nous notre Roi," and the aria d'entrata of Alceste, "Grand Dieu du destin qui m'accable," are sublime in expression, and are followed by the grand ceremonial in the temple of Apollo. It is wonderful how Gluck works up the interest in the declaration of the oracle with the consternation of the multitude, that the King of Thessaly must die that day unless some one will die in his stead. The grand scena of Alceste, "Divinité du Styx," terminates the first act. The Queen is left alone in her despair in the temple, and resolves to save her spouse by giving herself up to death. The phases of passion during this scene are most trying and arduous for the singer, who has three great airs during this act,—the one of anxiety, the next of affection, and the last of invocation. The wife, the mother, the fatalist appear in turn. Love and despair, fanaticism and heroic enthusiasm, struggle successfully in Alceste's bosom. The shades cannot affright her; the terrible cries from the Styx, do not dismay her; Cerberus barks in vain; Alceste has but one fixed idea—the noble effort to save Admète, and she fronts the abyss undismayed. Viardot was inspired during this act; the actress and the singer were equally great and imposing. Whether in energy, or in the last stage of human weakness, her pantomime was always as suggestive, and her passionate accents and thrilling tones in the notation, testified to her thorough grasp of Gluck's conception. The tenor air of Admète, "Alceste, au nom des Dieux," was very well sung by Michot. Coulon's voice is not of the depth "deeper still" required for the fine air of "Caron l'appelle;" but the stentorian air of Hercule, "C'est en vain que l'enfer," was well delivered by the athletic M. Borchard.—*Queen, London.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Oct. 24.—Congratulate me, then, for have I not stood in the imminent deadly breach, and dared the horrors of that battery of sad sensations, called *Pierre de Medicis*, directed by Prince Poniatowsky, eminent in the art of offence, skilled in wounding the spirit? Well, since it had to be undergone, as I said in my last, better to have it over at once than suffer the continued tremors of this sword of Damocles. It has dropped upon us at last; we have felt its sharpest edge, but we still live *tant bien que mal*. I am not going to inflict any lengthened notice of this performance upon you, uselessly reviving my sufferings, without contributing to your edification. Let me only say that M. Faure, the excellent William Tell, and almost excellent Don Giovanni, of your last Italian Opera season, had to make his *début* in the part of Julian de Medicis, in this tedious work. The part is quite unworthy of his powers, and indeed is not one calculated at all for a singer of first rank, for it contains but one duo and one air. The concerted pieces go for nothing. I told you before, some modifications had been introduced in the *dénouement* of the opera, rendering it less gloomy and repulsive. This has necessitated a new finale, which is quite equal to all the rest of the opera, neither rising nor falling below the dead level of commonplace. The ballet called "Les Amours de Diane," which has always accompanied *Pierre de Medicis*, has been retained, but neither lends nor borrows grace from its leader setting, notwithstanding the efforts of Mad. Ferraris.

In the Italian Theatre we had the first appearance this season of Signor Mario, who had sung the *Il Barbier* and eke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. To myself, and to all else with whom I have conversed, it is apparent that Mario has wonderfully recovered much of that youthful freshness which his person and deportment have so steadily retained, while the capricious organ which in its periods of thorough efficiency placed its possessor first perhaps among all tenors, actual or historical, has passed through every phase of decadence, even to downright decrepitude, anon recovered as by potent charm, or the exhaustion of some withering poison. Latterly, however, the clouds which had drifted across the brilliant luminary had become so frequent and un-transparent eclipse seems imminent. The joy of the critics especially, whose painful task it is to note, like astronomers, with rigid accuracy the declension or oscillation of those admired stars, who do not bear the operation of science so philosophically as their celestial prototypes—the joy of all, I say, was the greater, therefore, to find Signor Mario's voice in the recovered possession of so phenomenal a share of the attributes of its prime. The vocal sickness of the great tenor has this time no convalescence, but jumps at once to elastic health. In becchiness, or of imaginary silliness we drink to its preservation—may it yet continue for many years the even tenor of its course.

"Macbeth doth murder sleep; Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Would we could parody the stern decree and say, "Beneventano doth murder song; Benny shall sing no more." Well, but he does not, some will say, in an honest sense of the word. No more he does, or the owl shall sing the nightingale into an ivy bush. *Canis latrat*, as we used to say in the Latin exercise book—the dog barks! He was the Figaro to Signor Mario Count Almaviva. Poor, light, merry, busy, frisky smoother of Sevillian chins, and plotter of Sevillian intrigues! poor Figaro, to see the, triksy barber! thus transmogrified into the most melancholy and lymphatic of hair-dressers. Figaro here! Figaro there! but Figaro is anywhere but at the Italian Opera of Paris at this present moment. In the *Ballo in Maschera* the part of Renato, the Ankerstrom of the French *Gustave* was played by Signor Delle Sodie. The original representative of the character here was Signor Graziani, and I shall do no injustice to the latter, or unduly flatter the former, if I boldly establish a comparison between them. If Signor Graziani excel in the resonant quality of his voice, Signor Delle Sodie, on the other hand, is pre-eminent for his power of expression, his softness and smoothness of tone, and the delicacy of his light and shade. Signor Graziani, in some degree, revealed too freely in the merely physical beauty of his voice, the tones of which seemed to issue forth spontaneously in native excellence. Signor Delle Sodie, whose voice has not the same power, never loses control over it, and gives to each note, with delicate care, its exact value and intention. In the last act this conscientious and most intelligent artist rose to the highest point in the perfection of

his execution, as well as in the appreciation of his audience, who warmly and frequently applauded him, and demanded his air "Della vita" a second time.

London.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—This Theatre commenced proceedings on Thursday, Oct. 24, in a manner which promises well for the season to come. A new Opera was produced—Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—with triumphant success.

A very few lines must suffice at present to chronicle the reopening of this national establishment last night, in presence of a crowded audience, with an original grand work in four acts, from the pen of an English composer. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have commenced their "season" more auspiciously. The new opera achieved a brilliant and well-merited success, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon its composer, who was unanimously called for at the end, after the principal singers had been summoned, was a spontaneous tribute on the part of those who had experienced such hearty gratification from his music. Although the only dramatic composition of his which had been previously represented on the London boards was an operetta called *Aminta*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre a good many years since, Mr. Howard Glover has long held a conspicuous place in the ranks of English musicians, and by musical amateurs is popularly recognized as the author of *Tam O' Shanter*, one of the most characteristic works of its class ever written for the concert-room. His new opera, the book of which prepared by himself, derives its material from Hugo's celebrated play *Ruy Blas*, is a more ambitious effort than any that has yet proceeded from his pen; and it is only just to add that increase of endeavour has been accompanied by a proportionate amount of success. But of the merits of *Ruy Blas*, libretto and music, we must defer speaking till a more convenient opportunity. Enough just now to say that it is placed upon the stage with that completeness in every department for which the Royal English Opera has earned honorable distinction; that the cast comprises the strength of the company; and that the orchestra and chorus, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon—who seldom fails to secure by indefatigable zeal and talent an eminently satisfactory "first performance," and has maintained his reputation on the present occasion—exhibit all their well-known efficiency. The character of *Ruy Blas* falls to Mr. Harrison, that of the Queen of Spain to Miss Louisa Pyne, and that of Don Sallust to Mr. Santley (whose return to the Royal English Opera is a manifest gain to its interests); while the subordinate parts are in the hands of Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirwall, Mr. St. Albyn, Mr. Patey and Miss Jessie M'Lean, a young and highly promising *débutante*, for whom a personage has been invented something akin to the page in the *Huguenot*, *Gustave* or the *Ballo in Maschera*, wholly foreign to the drama of M. Hugo. The performance did not terminate till a late hour; but the good sense of the principal singers in respectfully declining "encores" prevented the slightest feeling of tedium among the audience, who consequently remained, with scarcely a single exception, until the last note of the opera. As there were a great many songs, all more or less attractive, and some eminently beautiful, had "encores" been accepted, the fall of the curtain might have been postponed till considerably past midnight. In the instances of two ballads, nevertheless, "A sympathizing heart" (Act ii.) and "Could life's dark scene be changed for me" (Act iii.) both sung to the utmost degree of perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, and the last especially, one of the most expressive and unacknowledged compositions of its class that we remember, the sensation created was so remarkable, and the demand for repetition so thoroughly genuine and unanimous, the stringent regulation now for the first time adopted at the theatre of resisting such demands on the part of the audience, was regarded—not altogether unreasonably, perhaps—as somewhat of a hardship.

After the opera, the National Anthem was sung by the entire company, Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor) and Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solos. *Ruy Blas* is to be repeated, as a matter of course, this evening.—*London Times.*

Mendelssohn's Letters.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN WITH REFERENCE TO AN ENGLISH ARTIST.*

LEIPZIG, 18th Nov., 1837.

My Dear Sir:—It is now a fortnight since your sister first appeared here in public, & directly after it

I wanted to write to you & give you a full account of it & only to-day I have leisure enough to do it.— Excuse it, but although it is late & I may think that you heard already from other sides of all the details of her great success here I cannot help writing you also on the subject, & before all I shout "triumph" because you know that you are my enemy † & that my opinion prevailed only with great difficulty (letters included) & it comes now out how well I knew my countrymen, how well they appreciate what is good & beautiful, & what a service to all the lovers of music has been done by your sisters coming over to this country. I do not know whether she thinks the same of my opinion now, I am sometimes afraid she must find the place so very small & dull, & miss her splendid Philharmonic band & all those Marchionesses, & Duchesses & Lady Patronesses who look so beautifully, aristocratically, in your Concert-rooms, & of whom we have a great want. But if being really and heartily liked & loved by a public, & being looked on as a most distinguished & eminent talent must also convey a feeling of pleasure to those that are the object of it, I am sure that your sister cannot repent her resolution of accepting the invitation to this place, & must be glad to think of the delight she gave & the many friends she made in so short a time & in a foreign country. Indeed I never heard such an unanimous expression of delight as after her first Recitative, & it was a pleasure to see people at once agreeing and the difference of opinion (which must always prevail) consisting only in the more or less praise to be bestowed on her. It was capital that not one hand's applause received her when she first appeared to sing "Non più di fiori" because the triumph after the Recitative was the greater; the room rung of applause, & after it there was such a noise of conversations, people expressing their delight to each other, that not a note of the whole ritornelle could be heard; then silence was again restored, & after the air, which she really sang better & with more expression than I ever heard from her, my good Leipzig public became like mad, & made a most tremendous noise. Since that moment she was the declared favorite of them. They are equally delighted with her clear & youthful voice & with the purity & good taste, with which she sings everything. The Polacca of the *Puritani* was encored, which is a rare thing in our concerts here, & I am quite sure the longer she stays & the more she is heard the more she will become a favorite; because she possesses just those two qualities of which the public is particularly fond here—purity of intonation & a thorough bred musical feeling. I must also add that I never heard her to greater advantage than at these two concerts, & that I liked her singing infinitely better than ever I did before; whether it might be that the smaller room suits her better or perhaps the foreign air, or whether it is that I am partial to every thing in this country (which is also not unlikely) but I really think her much superior to what I have heard her before. And therefore I am once more glad that I have conquered you, my enemy.

They are now in correspondence with the court of Dessau & with Berlin, whereto they intend to go during the intervals of the concerts here; I hope however that their stay will be prolonged as much as possible. We had Vieuxtemps here, who delighted the public; we also expect Blagrove in the beginning of January. Charles Kemble with his daughter Adelaide passed also by this place, but she did not sing in public, only at a party at my house. Has Mr. Coventry received my letter, and one for Bennett I sent him? And have you received the parcel with my Concerto, which Breitkopf and Hartel promised to send in great haste? Do you see Mr. Klingemann sometimes? And how is music going on in England? Or had you no time to think now of anything else than the Guildhall pudding & pies & the 200 pineapples which the Queen ate there, as a French

paper has it? If you see Mr. Attwood will you tell him my best compliments & wishes, & that a very great cause of regret to me is my not having been able to meet him at my last stay in England. And now the paper is over & consequently the letter also. Excuse the style, which is probably very German. My kindest regard to Mr. & Mrs. Clark, & my best thanks for the kind letter & the papers they sent me by Mrs. Novello. And now good bye & be as well and happy as I always wish you to be.

Very truly yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

* This letter is not from the volume of Travelling Letters recently published.

† In allusion to Mr. A. Novello's desire that his sister, Miss Clara, should proceed direct to Italy and not visit Germany.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

The Opera of *MARTHA*, PIANO SOLO, is completed in this number of the *Journal* by the publication of a title page and the "Argument."

AT HOME.—The readers of this Journal will be glad to learn that Mr. DWIGHT arrived in the Niagara, on Saturday last, and that he will forthwith resume the control of these columns, which have so long needed his direct supervision. However interesting the "Editorial Correspondence," published in these columns during his absence, may have been, we presume that all the readers of this "organ" will gladly welcome home him, who so well understands the uses of all its stops, and all its rows of keys, how to draw out its best tones, to display its rarest combinations, and to discourse its fittest and grandest music.

We take this opportunity of thanking those correspondents who have lightened by their contributions, the unaccustomed labors of his assistant, who has aspired to do no higher service than to supply the "wind" necessary to keep in it the breath of life. Some things may have found a place in these columns which a severer taste or wider experience would have excluded, but it is hoped that the best and highest interests of Art have been kept in view, and that the former high character of the *Journal of Music* has not materially suffered during the long absence of its editor.

Concerts.

The first concert of Messrs. Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg was given last Saturday evening, at Chickering's Hall. The attendance was not large, but, as might be expected, the most cultivated of music-lovers, those whose faces we never miss on such occasions, were present with their intelligent approving smiles.

PROGRAMME.

1—*Andante et Var.*, by Schumann, op. 46, (for two pianos.)

Messrs. Dresel and Leonhard.

2 { a *Aufenthalt.* } Schubert.

Mr. Kreissmann

{ b *Die Post.*

3—*Sonate*, op. 30, No. 1, Beethoven, (Violin and Piano.)

Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard.

4—*Songs by Franz*; *Frühlingsgödringe*, *Für Musik*, *Waldfahrt*

Mr. Kreissmann.

5—*Tarantella*, (Violin,) by Schubert.

Mr. Eichberg.

6—*Sonate*, B minor, Bach; (Violin and Piano.)

Messrs. Eichberg and Leonhard

7—*Dichterliebe*, op. 48; (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7,) Schumann.

Mr. Kreissmann.

8 { a *Andante sostenuto*, op. 22, } Chopin.

Mr. Leonhard.

{ b *Polonaise*, op. 63.

9—*Trio*, in G major, (Piano, Violin and Cello,) Haydn.

Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Wichtenthal.

Schumann's *Andante* (for two pianos), exquisitely played by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD, gave us more tangible proof of the genius of the composer

than anything we have heard. The melody is lovely, full of a certain pensiveness, not akin to melancholy, but graceful though subdued in character. It is feeling embodied in tone; the feeling of a noble soul, tempered and refined by suffering, at once beautiful and touching. Of the instrumental portion of the concert this was to us by far the most interesting—in spite of the older and greater names that follow on the programme.

Mr. KREISSMANN is pretty well known to our readers, and we shall probably be able to say very little about him that is new. We all love to hear his fine voice, and we all recognize the intellectual power and discrimination which his singing shows. He favored us with an unusual number of pieces, embracing many well-contrasted styles. Schumann's *Dichterliebe* displays a vigorous dramatic conception, and is filled with an intensity of passion; but the songs of Franz are more enjoyable, certainly more pleasing to the general public.

Mr. EICHBERG has steadily worked his way to a position where, without disparagement it is safe to say, he is second to no resident artist. An honest, thorough musician, gifted with the finer sense which lifts a violin-sonata above mere fiddling, and devoted heart and soul to his art, he is always welcomed upon the platform. The *Tarantella*, by Schubert, was probably the best test of his execution; although, in the Sonatas, by Bach and Beethoven, he played with all the power, the taste and earnestness that always mark his efforts.

Mr. LEONHARD filled his portion of the time acceptably, although none of his selections were calculated to rouse any special enthusiasm. The piano-forte suffers so much when its tones are contrasted with the live notes of stringed instruments, that it is always expedient for the player to select music with some vital force in it, and not depend on the dreamy reveries which in private circle are so delightful.

The concluding *Trio*, by Haydn, was full of the simple beauty that marks all the works of this beloved master. It is not a grand, or a profound, or a dramatic, or other large-adjectived composition; but is spontaneous, melodious and tasteful. It served to introduce Mr. Wichtenthal, a new and fine violoncellist, whom we shall be pleased to hear again.

The next concert to be given this evening, we hope will draw out more of those who can appreciate really excellent chamber music.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give their first Concert on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th. An attractive programme will be found in another column.

MAD. VARIAN'S Concerts, at the Music Hall, have thus far been well attended, and given much satisfaction. Mad. Varian has needed the opportunity now afforded by a large hall and an orchestra to display her best characteristics. Mr. HOFFMANN still gives her his efficient aid as pianist.

MISS BRAINERD is continuing her professional tour in Connecticut, her native state. Her last series of concerts, recently given, proved very successful. During the present week concerts have been given in Watertown, Plymouth, Litchfield, Norfolk, and Winsted, assisted by Mr. GUSTAVUS GEARY, Tenor; and Dr. CLARE W. BEAMES, Pianist and Manager.

MILAN.—Mad. Colson has reappeared with great success in Donizetti's *Poliuto*, and subsequently in *Il Trovatore*, with similar success.

MADRID.—Mad. La Grange has appeared here in *Norma*, exciting the greatest enthusiasm.

Opera in Boston.

Mr. ULLMANN has issued one of his characteristic manifesto to the public of Boston, giving his programme of opera for this season:

"Since I decided to undertake the management of the Opera for the ensuing season, war has broken out, which has greatly increased the risks of that at all times difficult enterprise, and in the opinion of many precludes even the possibility of an attempt. Yet I am disposed to make the effort provided some encouragement be held out to me.

"For this purpose I have appealed to my friends and the public in New York and Philadelphia, on the occasion of the first benefit I have ever taken in those cities during a managerial career of eighteen years, and I am happy to say that my appeal received a cordial and liberal response.

"To complete the sum required for the conclusion of some important engagements now negotiating by my European agent, I have determined to give four Operas in Boston, the first two of which will be for my benefit, and trust you will not only honor me with your presence, but likewise induce your friends to attend.

"These Operas will be given November 25th, 26th, 28th, and 29th, and are positively the only performances that will be produced in Boston until February or March next. Mr. HERRMANN, the celebrated *Prestidigitateur*, commencing his long-expected engagement on Monday, December 2d." * * *

In addition to Miss HINKLEY, BRIGNOLI, MANCUSI, SUSINI, and Miss KELLOGG, Mr. ULLMANN tells us that "an engagement has been effected with Mme. COMTE-BORCHARD, one of the best Prima Donnas ever in this country, who is now in New York on her way to Havana, where she is engaged to appear in December, as the leading Soprano of the great Italian Opera Company at the Tacon Theatre. Madame Comte-Borchard will appear in Boston as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

"The performances will be under the direction of CARL ANSCHUTZ.

"The two Benefits will take place on Monday and Tuesday, November 25th and 26th."

The operas to be given are *Il Ballo in Maska*, *Betty*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *Lucrezia* and *Martha*.

PARIS.—Mr. Satter, the pianist, is now in Paris, where he proposes to give some concerts during the winter.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 14, 1861.—Messrs. Editors:—Notwithstanding the all-absorbing interest of the war, our musical Society continues its monthly concerts for members, and with rather more pecuniary success than might be expected—the house (Albany Hall) being well filled on the last occasion. On the evening of the 12th inst., the Society gave its 117th monthly concert for members. The programme was an extraordinarily rich one, commencing with that beautiful and charming overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The orchestra consisting of some thirty-five members, under the able conductorship of Mr. Abel, performed this somewhat difficult composition in a vigorous manner, and were rewarded by loud applause from the appreciating audience. No. 2, was a duet by Mendelssohn—"I would that my Love," sung by the Director of the Society, and a young lady, (Miss BRENDKE), a new beginner, who, though still very young, displays considerable talent, which, with a proper cultivation, will give the lady a fair local reputation as a singer. No. 3—a solo for the violin, DeBeriot—was executed in a masterly style by Mr. WEINBURG,

who is decidedly the favorite of our concert-going citizens. He was loudly *encored*, as usual. The *finale* of an act of Verdi's *Ermanni*, for solo, chorus and orchestra, was the closing piece of part I. The second part consisted of "A Night on the Ocean," a grand dramatic tone-picture, for male chorus and orchestra, composed by Tschirch. On this occasion, the Society were assisted by the *Liedertafel*. The performance, however, could not be called more than average—the rehearsals being but indifferently attended by many of the singers who assisted the Musical Society.

In conclusion permit me to add a few words in relation to the Director of the Musical Society. Mr. Abel, formerly of Cleveland, I believe, received a call to this city about one year ago, since which time he has given such general satisfaction, that, last week, he was unanimously re-elected for another year. His magnificent tenor voice, and talents as a pianist, render him of inestimable value to the Society.

Respectfully yours, TENOR.

BROOKLYN, NOVEMBER 18, 1861.—The musical season is never fairly commenced, until regularly opened by the Philharmonic Society. Their first Concert (5th season) took place in the midst of a violent storm of wind and rain on the evening of Nov. 2d. Notwithstanding the weather (which could not have been worse) the "Academy" was nearly full, which speaks volumes for the musical enthusiasm of those who thus braved one of the worst storms to hear a programme most delightfully rendered by a picked band of fifty performers under the direction of Carl Bergmann and which contained the following pieces for orchestra:

Symphony in B flat, (first time)..... Haydn
Two Symphonic pieces for orchestra and piano, Goldbeck
1. "Idyl,"—(First time) 2. Hunting Scene
Symphony, No. 4, in D minor. (First time) R. Schumann
Overture—Glondon. (First time)..... Litolff

Madame Blanchard of the Conservatoire, Milan, was the vocalist and Mr. Goldbeck (Piano), Mr. Noll (Violin) and Mr. Bergner (Violoncello), the soloists. The "Haydn Symphony" was especially charming and made us forget the state of the weather and even the state of the country and must have carried peace and happiness (for the time) to every musical heart in the house. It was most perfectly played, as was the noble work of Schumann which opened the second part so grandly. Goldbeck's compositions for orchestra and piano are admirably written and gave much delight to the audience. Would that we had time to particularize their many beauties. Bergner achieved a real triumph by his masterly rendering of Servais' most difficult "Concerto Militaire" for Violoncello and Orchestra. He also played a *duo* Tyrolien with Mr. Noll (violin) which was rapturously received. The "Gisondist" Overture is immense in its way and made a most brilliant *finale* to the Concert possessed.

We had two nights of opera in October, with a programme exactly the same as at the New York house and of which your columns has had full description. As Herrmann's *soirées* were quasi musical so must we mention his *début* in Brooklyn, which was made additionally attractive with the agile vocal aid of Carlotta Patti and the piano playing of Mad. Hermann also other entertainments peculiar to Ullman.

The first classic *soirée* of Messrs. Mason and Thomas was given at the Hall of the Polytechnic Institute last Thursday evening. The list of subscribers is very gratifying for a commencement and is another evidence of the growing taste for really good music here. Haydn's quartet in D major—Suite in F minor (for piano) by Handel—Trio in E flat by Schubert and Beethoven's quartet in C minor—were all most exquisitely performed and listened to with the most profound attention. With all due respect to immortal Beethoven and lively Haydn, we did most decidedly prefer the Trio of Schubert, but

as your New York correspondents have so particularly written of these most refining musical entertainments, it is not at all necessary on our part to attempt more details at the present time and so like the veritable Baggs himself, we wander along and crossing the Wall street Ferry, find ourselves in "old Trinity" Church, time about noon of a Wednesday, as far back as Oct. 16th., the occasion being a public rehearsal of Mr. Henry Stephen Cutler's well known choir of boys and men, aided in part by delegations from quite a number of other choirs of similar organization, numbering in all about sixty voices. Some chorals and plain chants were grandly given by the full chorus and the regular choir sang a few oratorio choruses and solos very finely, including "Comfort ye" (most effectively rendered by Mr. Samuel D. Mayer) and the "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*. The organ playing of Mr. Cutler was not the least part of the attractions. If a printed programme had been furnished, other good things would not have been forgotten.

Church music is receiving quite a deal of attention in Brooklyn and the mere "quartette arrangements" (which has been until quite recently decided the most in favor with music committees and directors) has probably seen its best days; for better things are now being done in quite a number of our churches and others are preparing to follow. At the Church of the Holy Trinity, a small chorus of twelve adults (including four *Soli* voices)—with eight choir boys, have been quietly and steadily rehearsing and singing service for about a twelve month, under the direction of George William Warren. This church is one of the largest and most beautiful in the country and it was densely crowded in every part on Friday evening, Nov. 1st, on the occasion of the first public rehearsal of the choir, of which here is the programme:

To Deum Laudamus—Anthem in F major, (1797.) Dr. John Clarke.
Psalm 136 of the Psalter—Anglican Chant.... Dr. Randall.
Prayer from "Moses in Egypt,"..... Rossini.
Choral—"Winchester," (1695.)..... Playford.
Christmas Carol—"Hark! the herald angels sing," George William Warren.
Jubilate Deo—Anthem in B flat major.... Albert W. Berg.
Hymn—"Softly now the light of Day," arranged from Rossini.

Easter Carol—"The world itself keeps Easter Day," Georges William Warren.
Christmas Hymn—(Cantique de Noel,) Soprano Solo, Adolph Adam.
Psalm 137 of the Psalter—Gregorian (Anglicized) Chant.
Hymn—"As when the weary traveller," arranged from Mendelssohn.
Choral—"Ordination Hymn," (1590.)..... Tallis.
Easter Anthem—with "Hallelujah," George Wm. Warren.

The soloists were Mrs. J. M. Comstock, Soprano; Mr. J. M. Comstock, Tenor, and Mr. Chas. Huntington, Baritone. All amateurs, but possessing beautiful voices, under excellent cultivation and who richly deserve the brilliant local celebrity they have already attained. These affairs stimulate choir members to every good exertion and create a musical interest in a parish highly beneficial to all concerned, for which reason they will occur quite frequently at "Holy Trinity," by permission of the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, who presided on the occasion, with a grace and dignity, only equalled by his introductory address, which as an incentive to every well meaning choir director, ought to be printed and well circulated.

Hoping to be more entertaining in my next and apologizing for the unusual length of this—believe me your devoted,

BAGGS.

Letter from Trovator.

HAARLEM, HOLLAND, October 15, 1861.

This quaint old Dutch town has one transcendent glory—its organ. On that organ old guide books, old musical histories, old musicians have often dilated. But Ieabod! the glory has departed. Greater organs than that of Haarlem have arisen in York, in Birmingham, in more than one German town; and Haarlem is in fact, but an organic fossil.

The town itself is pretty enough, and intensely odd, as is every town in Holland. Tourists begin with Rotterdam which is mildly surprising. Delft is the next stopping place, and here is an old cathedral with a richly traceried tower, and a ravishing set of bells; then there are picturesque canals and painfully clean doorsteps. Then comes the Hague,

which enjoys the aboriginal name of St. Gravenhage, while the Germans call it Haag, and the French La Haye. Indeed the liberty taken with proper names on the continent is most perplexing to innocent strangers. Who under earth would ever recognize Copenhagen in the outlandish orthography of Kjob-havn, the Danube as the Donau, Vienna as Wien, Venice as Venidig, and Aix la Chapelle as Aachen?

The Hague, or La Haye or Haag, or St. Gravenhage, whichever you please to call it (for you pays your money and you takes your choice) cannot be termed an exciting place. It is small, cozy, and yet quite aristocratic. No vulgar commerce to destroy the serenity of the Netherlandish court. Not much amusement (beside the swans in the Vyverberg Pond) to distract the good people from the duty of scrubbing their floors.

Don't know what the Vyverberg is? Well, then learn that it is the feature of the Hague, of Haag, &c. It is a very handsome hill (I actually didn't see the elevation till it was pointed out by a citizen, but then they literally make mountains out of mole-hills in flat old Holland) planted with trees and flanking a very handsome pond in the centre of which is a circular island, (about as big at the top of your hat,) covered with foliage. Opposite the promenade is a dilapidated old castle once the palace of the Counts of Holland. Near by is an odd old gateway near which (Murray solemnly observes) "the virtuous and inflexible Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland was beheaded in 1618, at the age of 72." And Murray evidently disapproves of this, and adds "this event is a stain on the character of Prince Maurice of Nassau," which is, to say the least, a mild reproof of murder.

However virtuous and inflexible I may be, I could not endure the Hague seventy-two years as the lamented "Pensionary" seems to have done; and from the bottom of my soul, I pity the foreign ministers doomed to live here. The exile from the United States, in that capacity, is Mr. Pike — not, I assure you one of the inseparable pair, Mr. Pike and Mr. Pluck mentioned in Nicholas Nickleby. Pray for him.

After the cozy, snug, sleepy St. Gravenhage, or Hague or Haag or La Haye we came to Leyden, and here is a little ghost of a musical association or reminiscence, the first I have met with in Holland. Here lived the John of Leyden on whose history Scribe and Meyerbeer have made that glorious opera, "Le Prophète." This town appears to be the culminating point of cleanliness in Holland, for I saw a woman hard at work scrubbing out a blacksmith shop to the great discomfort of the smith and a horse whom he was shoeing and whose feet were inundated with soap suds.

Sunday is a good day anywhere and particularly so at Haarlem; for there the stores are shut up, the scrubbing of door-steps is suspended for this occasion only, and everybody goes to church. I attended service at the Cathedral which in the days of the Catholic builders must have been a superb affair, and even now, denuded of its ornaments, and with its frescoes all whitewashed over, has a grand and imposing effect. There was a communion service holding, and a long table with seats on each side for about fifty people, was stretched down the nave. During a pause in the service, the clergyman announced a psalm, and suddenly the crushing sound of the organ was heard "giving out" a choral which the organist played with the trumpet, hautboy and heavy diapasons. The volume of the tones was immense, and the magnificence of the instrument was proved by this simple performance. After the service an admirably played fugue detained a few amateurs as the great mass of the congregation slowly poured out of the Cathedral doors. I was unable to hear the organ at a private performance, but the fol-

lowing description of such an occasion is fished from "Murray":

"The first burst of sound was quite thrilling, as peal after peal issued forth, vibrated along the roof, and died away in distant corners of the building. Then softer tones were poured forth in a flood of melody; and as the former were more powerful, so did these appear more touchingly melodious than those of any other instrument of the sort I had heard. The variety of imitation of which it is capable under the hand of a skillful musician is extraordinary. At one time the trumpet sounds a charge; in the next, the fife, hautboy, or piano is heard. But the most remarkable imitation is that of the tinkling of bells, so very exact, that it is difficult at first to believe that such tones can be produced by air within pipes. The performance concludes with 'The Storm,' and with peals of mimic thunder, under which the massive building seems to shake, and the walls to jar. The great diapason produced a sound which reminded me of the whizzing confused movement of the wheels of a cotton factory. All this, however, is to be regarded merely as a *tour de force*, as ventriloquism of the organ; it owes its great reputation to the general sweetness and mellowed effect of its tones. The vox humana pipe is considered particularly fine. When the performance is over, strangers are invited into the organ loft, to inspect the instrument. The condition of exhaustion in which I found the organist, from the mere physical exertion of playing, made me think that his charge (about five dollars American money) was not so exorbitant as it at first appeared."

Printing hasn't much to do with music, to be sure, but I must record the fact, that dear old Dutch Haarlem claims to be the birthplace of the inventor of moveable types. Of course Mayence claims the honor for John of Guttemberg, and both cities have erected statues to the memory of their respective champions, while musty antiquarians wage controversial war on the subject. The champion of Haarlem is one John Coster, and his statue near the Cathedral is of very recent construction.

Regard for the sanity of the readers of *Dwight's Journal* alone prevents me from recording here a most fearful ghost story I heard at Haarlem, the scene of which was the queer, gabled, scolloped old inn at which I lodged. It would infallibly drive them mad with fright, or at least prevent them from going to bed in the dark for a month. Just imagine — mysterious Dutch lady murdered — shivering ghost, like a little girl, seen out on the Dunes or sand banks — a white figure flitting along the Dyke — great inundation — a noise in a garret — cruel murderer drowned in inundation — amazing denouement in my inn! Ah! that I dared repeat in detail this glorious, old-fashioned ghost story!

DRESDEN, SAXONY, October 25, 1861.

It is a lamentable fact that Germany with its large and intelligent generations of populations, never produced an operatic composer. Yet such would appear to be the fact; for, in a journey from Holland to Saxony via the Rhine, I went through nearly a dozen towns, into opera houses, and saw only *Trovatore* and *Masaniello*, only Verdi and Auber occupying the boards. There was a little exception at Frankfort, where Lortzing's *Undine* was announced.

At Dresden an improvement. The Court Theatre, which exteriorly, at least, is the most magnificent in Europe, is indulging in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," with Auber's "Mason and Locksmith" — by no means his best work — as an alternate. A burlesque on "Tannhäuser" is having a run at the little Zweites theatre.

The Court church of Dresden is very appropriately placed near the theatre. It is easier for the members of the orchestra to bring their 'cellos and trombones to the organ loft. This they do every Sunday morning, and the mass then performed with their aid, and that of a superb organ, is one of the features of the city to a stranger. The church is modern and ugly, but makes an admirable concert hall, and the music is probably the best of its kind which can be heard in the world. TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Farewell, we meet no more. Quartet.

S. K. Whiting. 25

A simple, but effective Quartet; just the thing to take up and read off at a chance social meeting of musical persons.

Under the lilac tree he sleepeth. J. W. Turner. 25

A pleasing sentimental song.

The sun in the Ocean is sinking. Claeplius. 25

A sterling Song, expressive of serene calm and quietude, almost sacred in character.

The Beggar girl. For one or two voices.

Piercy. 25

An old familiar ballad which by Mad. Anna Bishop's imitable singing has of late become a great favorite among singers. The accompaniments are new.

The magic of a smile. Langton Williams. 25

A Ballad of superior merit.

Instrumental Music.

Agathe. (When the swallows). Transcription.

Brinley Richards. 35

In Richards' usual brilliant style. The works of this author do not now need any introduction to our amateur piano players, they are always welcome, and sure to please.

Burlesque Galop.

Cassidy. 25

A piece immensely popular abroad, and played here nightly, during the engagement of Miss Julia Daly at the Boston Theatre, with great success.

Hermann Polka.

Strauss. 25

A very pretty Polka, which this celebrated composer of dance music wrote expressly for the great *pedalidigator*, whose name it bears. It has been played innumerable times during his entertainments in this country and elsewhere, and will have a large sale. A humorous sketch of the wizard, which, besides, has the merit of being an excellent portrait, makes the piece still more marketable.

Gen. Baker's Funeral March. J. W. Turner. 25

Written "in memoriam" of the distinguished California who fell in the service of his country at the Ball's Bluff battle. The air of "Rest spirit rest" is happily introduced.

Beauties of "La Juive."

J. Bellak. 40

A very useful potpourri for common players. It contains all the principal airs.

Books.

THE UNION COLLECTION OF POPULAR DUETS FOR THE VIOLIN AND PIANO. Arranged by S. Winner.

50

A very fine collection of the choicest Operatic Airs and favorite melodies, comprising selections from "Stilian Vespers," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," and other Operas, together with popular songs, waltzes, polkas, marches, quicksteps and arranged for the violin and piano. A book of this class has long been in demand, and a want has existed which will now be freely met by this work. We commend it to amateurs as "just the thing."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

